

Where's Richie?

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Summary:

Richie gets taken by Pennywise instead of Beverly.

Where's Richie?

It had been days since the gangs huge fight in front of Neibolt house. The day Eddie broke his arm and his mother banished his friends from ever seeing him again. During that time Eddie had been trapped inside his house with his overbearing mother. She wouldn't leave alone for more than five minutes at a time. He was starting to go crazy confined between the walls of his house. Which is why he jumped at the opportunity to pick up his asthma medication at the pharmacy in town.

The fresh air tasted like freedom, sweet sweet freedom. He would have rathered face the clown again, than spend another second with his mom. The walk to the pharmacy wasn't too far and it just so happened to be on the same street as the arcade. His plan was to casually walk inside as if he wasn't looking for Richie.

If Eddie was being honest with himself he missed Richie the most out of his friends. He convinced himself it was because they were best friends, but not even Eddie could deny that his feelings for Richie went deeper. He didn't know what it meant, but he knew that whatever he felt was frowned upon by society.

The arcade was packed with kids, but none of them were what Eddie was looking for. He spent a moment thinking of how strange it was that Richie wasn't there. He's probably home Eddie thought lying to himself, knowing full well how much Riche hated his home life. Richie would do anything to avoid going home.

In order to ease the panic building up in his chest, Eddie swore to call Richie's house when he got home. The pharmacist gave him his medicine without issue, it was his daughter that pulled back the curtain on his whole existence. She told him the pills were fake and Eddie was at a loss of words. On the way home his thoughts were not of Richie surprisingly, but of his medicines that were supposedly fake.

The more he stared at the container of pills, the more it made sense. Not once on the bottle were there instructions on how many pills to take or even ingredients of what the pills were made of. To say Eddie

was pissed about his mother lying was an understatement.

Walking through the front door, he threw his medicine down on the table next to his mother. She nodded her head in acknowledgement and went back to watching her program on the television. Eddie cleared his throat and crossed his arms over his chest, wanting to discuss the fake pills. "Sweetie, you know I don't like talking when my show is on" his mom warned her eyes not leaving the screen.

Eddie stormed into the kitchen, not wanting to start an argument with his mom. He would wait to confront her about the pills another day. Instead he turned his attention on his cast which had loser written on it in large print, courtesy of the girl from the pharmacy. The only marker he could find was a red one, which would have to do.

In the back of his mind, Eddie knew he was forgetting to do something. As he finished up writing a v over the s on his cast, it hit him. Richie. He put the lid back on the marker and picked up the phone, dialing the number he knew by heart.

The phone rang about 6 times before someone picked up. The voice sounded groggy and Eddie instantly knew it was Richie's mother. "What do you want?" she mumbled not even attempting to say a greeting.

"Hello Mrs. Tozier it's Eddie, one of Richie's friends."

"Wait, who are you?" she slurred and Eddie could have sworn he heard her open a bottle of beer.

"Eddie Kaspbrak" the boy responded, getting met with silence. Even after meeting this woman on several occasions she still couldn't remember him. "Can I please speak to Richie, your son?" Eddie requested, going straight to the point. He didn't want to waste more time with his friend's drunk mom, not when a killer clown was snatching children.

Mrs. Tozier sighed deeply into the phone, and Eddie was afraid she was going to hang up on him. He heard her call Richie's name, telling him to pick up the phone. When no response came, Mrs. Tozier

shuffled away from the phone.

In the background, Eddie could hear Richie's mom opening the door to his room. What he heard next made his heart sink. "Wentworth, do you know where Richie is?"

The father groaned, clearly not liking being awoken from his nap. "Why should I care? He's old enough to care for himself."

"When was the last time he was home?"

Wentworth threw his beer onto the ground. "Don't know, maybe like 2 days. Now let me sleep woman."

Eddie hung up the phone, well more like dropped the phone from his shaking hands. The asthma attack came next from the sheer panic of knowing Richie, his best friend and crush being missing. He puffed twice from his inhaler, wiping away his tears.

In the next few moments, Eddie decided he would do everything in his power to save Richie. Determination filled him as he stood from the table and made his way to the front door. "Where do you think you are going?" his mother barked actually standing up from her chair. She used her overly large body to block Eddie's escape. "You are still too injured to leave the house."

"Move out of the way mom" Eddie commanded with such conviction that it left his mother speechless. "I know the medicines are gazebos." She tried to think of a lie, but Eddie cut her off. "I'll continue to take the pills and won't ask any questions if you let me go. I need to do something important and nothing you say or do will stop me."

His mom backed away from the door, shock written all over her face. Her little Eddie had never spoken to her in that tone. Helplessly she watched her son leave the safe haven of the house, and face the nightmare of the unknown.

Eddie peddled on his bike faster than he ever had before. His destination was Richie's house, maybe just maybe his parents were too drunk to notice their son. It had happened before. Maybe he was just overreacting. He got there in record time and threw his bike on

the ground.

The front door was unlocked which was no surprise. Tiptoeing inside, he saw both Richie's parents passed out on the couch with cans of beer littered all over the floor. The hallway reeked of alcohol and throw up, forcing Eddie to breathe through his mouth.

Richie's door was closed and Eddie prayed that his friend would be sitting at his desk doodling away lost in thought. What he did not expect to see was blood on the ceiling above the bed. Written in the blood was the statement, you'll die if you try. At that point, Eddie fell to his knees sobbing. How could he have been so neglectful to Richie? That boy had thrown himself in front of the clown for Eddie when he broke his arm. "I'll save you" Eddie promised, running out of the house.

Before he could save Richie, he needed to get the gang back together. They were stronger together against the monster. Bill was the closest one, so he rode there first. The frantic knocks on the door made Bill come running. Bill didn't ask anything when he opened the door to see a nearly sobbing Eddie. He simply pulled his friend in for a hug, trying his best to sooth him.

In between cries, Eddie explained Richie had been taken. Guilt flashed across Bill's face, as he tried to hide it from Eddie. The last time him and Richie had talked had ended with Bill punching him in the face. Bill needed to be strong, even though he wanted to join Eddie with crying. While Eddie calmed down, Bill called the remaining losers catching them all up on the situation.

They all instantly agreed to rescue Richie. He may be annoying and drive everyone crazy at times, but the gang all loved Riche. They would do anything for him. If someone messed with one loser, they messed with all the losers.

Bill and Eddie rode in silence to the house where he broke his arm and all hell broke lose. The reality that they may be too late to save Richie, wasn't even a thought. They would save their friend even if it killed them.

When the two boys arrived,the others were waiting, each eager to kill

the clown and get Richie back. Bev wrapped her arm around Eddie, as they entered the house. "He'll be fine" she reassured, but not truly believing her own words.

"Yea" Stan agreed, going to the other side of Eddie. "Knowing Richie, he probably annoyed the clown to death."

The whole gang cracked up. The laughter felt good, it made it seem like they weren't possibly going to their deaths. Bill and Mike took the lead each holding a make shift happen, with Ben taking up the rear making sure to keep an eye on Beverly. On the walls of the house were more wanted posters of Richie, as if the clown was taunting them for letting him go missing. Eddie was going to kill that fucking clown.

The water continually dripping onto his face was the reason Richie woke up. He slowly sat up, taking in the new environment he was in. His legs shook when he tried to stand, sending him down on his knees. "Shit" he cursed. He glanced up and gasped when he saw the floating bodies. "Of course I get fucking kidnapped. Out of all the people to take you had to choose me. I feel slightly honored."

He tried to stand again, this time succeeding in not falling. "Mr. Creepy Clown, where are you?" Richie called out, walking around the giant pile of junk. "I think you have a real hoarding problem, asshole. I can take you to a nice pawn shop that will happily take all your shit."

Music started to play from a jack-in-a-box, which Richie took as his cue to get the fuck out. He set his eyes on the door, only glancing back once to see the clown dancing. He turned his attention back to the prize, and nearly screamed when the clown pounced down in front of him.

He felt a hand grasp him by the neck, and lift him off the ground. "Beep beep Richie" the clown mocked, giving his signature creepy smile. "You missed my dance. All the kids love my dance, its why I'm called Pennywise the dancing clown."

“Sorry to break it to you, but no one would ever like your fucking dance” Richie mocked. Sarcasm was the only weapon he had down here, and the only thing keeping him from succumbing to the terror building up in his body.

Pennywise stared at him, his eyes switching from yellow to blue. “Trying to be brave, I see. It won’t do you much good. Your friends and family have forgotten about you.”

“Shut up” Richie yelled, struggling against the clown’s hold. Pennywise grinned, it knew Richie’s weakness now.

“No one is going to look for you, but if you stay here you can float forever and never be forgotten. Don’t you want to join the other kids.”

Richie’s lip trembled. He couldn’t let this goddamn clown win. His friends would come for him, right? Bill still couldn’t hate him because of their fight. Richie pushed down his insecurities, if he dwelled too much on them the clown would win. No matter what happened, Richie would never give Pennywise the satisfaction of winning. “Fuck you” the boy spat out, giving the clown the middle finger on both hands. “I ain’t afraid of you.”

“You aren’t afraid yet” Pennywise growled, lifting Richie higher in the air. His mouth opened up, revealing several rows of teeth. Richie thrashed and kicked, trying to break the clown’s hold. Eventually his body gave into the fear and floated. His eyes glazed over and his rigid body went completely limp. The big black glasses smacked against the concrete floor. He went into a trancelike state floating several feet off the ground.

Pennywise walked from his meal. The boy still had a purpose. He was going to be the bait used to bring the other losers down into the sewers, to its home. Then Pennywise would have a feast.

The tunnels smelled disgusting, but Eddie sucked it up. The start of the rescue could not have gone less smooth. Not only had Mike almost been murdered by Henry, but to top it off Stan almost had his face freaking eaten. As the gang consoled Stan, Bill had the bright

idea to run off on his own. Eddie swore he was going to die of a heart attack from his friends doing stupid shit.

Eddie and the others ran after Bill, not wanting him to meet a similar fate like Stan. Even after all the attacks, the kids' determination still burned strong. All of shared the same goal of saving Richie. No amount of monsters could scare them away.

Light cascaded from the tunnel ahead, letting Eddie know they were heading in the correct direction. When he stepped into the room, he couldn't help but let out a scream at the floating kids. He didn't even noticed Richie till he heard Ben scream Richie's name. Eddie's eyes followed to where Ben was staring. "Oh god" Eddie cried, running underneath where Richie hovered, careful not to step on Richie's glasses. He pocketed them for safety and turned his attention to getting his friend down.

He tried to jump up to grab him, but it was no use Richie was too high up. Tears fell freely down his face as he cried "what the hell is wrong with him?" No one from the gang knew what to say. It was Ben who broke the silence, coming up with a plan for him and Mike to lift Eddie up to pull Richie down to the ground.

The plan set in motion with Beverly pulling on Richie's leg when he got in grabbing distance of her. The losers club celebrated a small victory when Richie's feet touched the ground. It was short lived though, when they saw his gray lifeless eyes. His limp body leaned against Eddie's chest.

Eddie grabbed Richie by the shoulders, shaking the boy senseless. "Wake up" he begged, beating his fist on Richie's unmoving chest. "Please don't leave me."

The others watched, crying silent tears at the exchange. Eddie couldn't come to terms with the fact that Richie wasn't waking up. He didn't want to imagine a life with Richie being there. Who was going to constantly annoy him and make fun of his mother? Who was he going to call late at night to complain to? Richie was always there for him through thick and thin.

Even though he knew it was wrong, he wanted to marry Richie, like

how his mom married his dad. He wanted to kiss him, like how people do in the movies. Eddie stroked Richie's face confessing "Richie, I love you." The others smiled sadly at Eddie, each knowing of their friend's crush.

Resorting to the last possible solution that seemed to always work in stories, Eddie kissed Richie on the lips. He poured every emotion he ever felt towards Richie into the kiss. He thought of all the memories he had with his friend, and how Richie always had his back. After pouring his whole heart into the kiss, he pulled away. He expected to see his friends have disgusted looks on their faces, but they seemed happy almost proud of Eddie.

Then the most amazing thing happened, Richie started to blink. His eyes going from gray back to their normal brown shade. "What happened?" he muttered, looking around at all of his friends. He thought they had forgotten him. He didn't dwell on those feelings though, cracking a joke to hide his emotion. "Jinxies where are my glasses?"

The losers laughed at Richie, except for Eddie who quietly handed his friend the glasses. Eddie quickly wrapped Richie in a hug and the rest of the gang joined in. "Glad you're alive" Bev said with a smile. "But don't ever pull a stunt like that again."

Richie was too overwhelmed to say anything snarky back. He simply leaned into Eddie's embrace, loving the way his hands felt around him. Richie felt safe.

The reunion was short lived, as they made their way over to Bill to fight the clown one last time. It was when the clown had Bill by the throat that Richie's fear of Pennywise faded away. He wasn't scared anymore, he was pissed. "First you punched me, Bill. Then you made me walk through shitty water, dragged me through a crack house... and now I'm gonna have to kill this fucking clown" he screamed, grabbing a baseball bat. He charged towards Pennywise using his hate to motivate him. The others followed suit, each pushing down their fears.

Through the power of their friendship, they managed to defeat Pennywise and save the town of Derry from his reign of terror. No

more Georgie's would go missing anytime soon.

After the battle the losers club walked out of the tunnels together, walking two by two. Eddie and Richie took the back of the line, walking in a comfortable silence. "I thought you guys forgot about me" Richie confessed, finally breaking down in tears from the horror he experienced. "I was gone for days, but you guys never came. I thought I was going to die."

"I would have never let that happen" Eddie replied, grabbing onto Richie's hand. "I promise you, I could never forget you or your big mouth. I am so sorry it took me so long to rescue you."

Richie wiped away his tears and turned to face Eddie, there hands were still knotted together. A smirk formed on his face as he asked "Now tell me, my friend Eddie did you kiss me or did I dream it?"

Eddie's face lit up a bright shade of red. "Maybe" he muttered, shying away from Richie's gaze.

"Never in my life did I think I would be the damsel in distress."

Eddie stopped dead in his tracks, terrified to how his friend was going to react about the kiss. This could be the possible end of their friendship. The mere thought of Richie hating him broke his heart.

Richie quickly took notice of his friend stopping. "What's wrong?" he fretted, going over to the now weeping Eddie. "You have to tell me, or else I can't help."

"You're gonna hate me."

"Eddie, I could never hate you" Riche declared in the most serious tone he had ever used. "You fucking saved my life back there, I would do anything for you. You are my best friend."

At the word friend, Eddie started to cry even harder. "I like as more than a friend." Eddie felt disgusted with himself, he shouldn't have these kinds of feelings for a boy. "I know I'm a freak and..."

Before the boy could say anymore, he was interrupted by Richie smashing his lips against his. Eddie broke the kiss, a shocked

expression plastered on his face. “You talk too much” Richie sassed, pushing his glasses back in place.

“You like me too?”

“I thought I made that obvious by kissing you.”

Eddie smiled his first genuine smile of the day. “Everyone is going to hate us” he sighed, the smile turning into a frown.

“Fuck what everyone else thinks. All I know is you make me happy and I would do anything for you.”

Eddie’s heart swelled with love. He realized that he should be more like Richie and not care what the world thought. He knew that him and Richie would face many more monsters for wanting to be together, but they would have each other. If they could defeat a child eating clown, they could easily take on anyone who tried tearing them apart.

“Finally” Bev yelled from the end of the tunnel, revealing her and the other losers had watched the whole exchange. “I thought I was going to have to lock you guys in my closet to make you confess your feelings.”

Eddie and Richie laughed, both very appreciative of their friends. They knew as long as they had the loser behind their back, they could face anything. Love would always win against hate. And as long as Richie and Eddie had each other the world didn’t seem so bleak.

Author’s Note:

Hey, so I hope you liked the fic. I loved the book and movie so much (I have already seen the film 3 times and I am planning in going again). Depending on the response I get on this fanfic I may write some more, so please leave a kudos and/or comment.